

CARL R. BOGARDUS, M. D.
Austin, Indiana

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BUILDING THE CABIN HOME



BOOK

TO:

Mr. Cedric L. Robinson
597 Palisado Ave.
Windsor
Connecticut.

One Hundred Years
at
Kyana Farm



1858

For Cedric L. Robinson
with best wishes for the
coming year -

Carrie R. Bogardus

12 10

ONE HUNDRED YEARS
AT KYANA FARM



Christmas

1958

... thus the honest son of toil,
Who settles here to till the soil,
And with intentions just and good,
Acquires an ample livelihood:
He is (and not the little-great)
In bone and sinew of the State.
With six-horse team to one-horse cart,
We hale them here from every part;
And some you'll see, *sans* shoes or socks on,
With *snake-pole* and a yoke of oxen;
Others with pack-horse, dog and rifle,
Make emigration quite a trifle.
The emigrant is soon located—
In Hoosier life initiated;
Erects a cabin in the woods,
Wherein he stows his household goods.

Lines from *The Hoosier's Nest*
Written by John Finley in 1830.



WINTER 1948

One Hundred Years at Kyana Farm

This is the life story of an Indiana farm and the house which has been thereon for a hundred years.

"But", one might ask, "how can you write the biography of a piece of real estate—something as inanimate as land and buildings?" There is not an acre of land in the county, state or country that does not have a story to tell—if it could. It is there, if only you will look for it and dig it out.

The land was here long before the Moundbuilders came, before the historic Indians who followed them came, before the white man who drove out the Indian came—and will still be here long after we are all gone and forgotten.

So the land, after all, is a living thing. It lies cold, brown, dormant in the winter; undergoes a miraculous resurrection in the spring; grows prodigiously with a riot of green in the summer; and with a burst of flaming glory in the fall, becomes quiescent again. Thus it has been for countless ages, and so it will be for untold centuries to come.

This then is the story eighty acres and a house would tell if only they could.

* * *

Sometime previous to 1820, we know not when, James Spurgeon came from Kentucky to what is now Scott County, Indiana, as one of its earliest pioneers. This we do know because he was already in the county and had his nose counted in the 1820 Census.

Even at this time he was squatting on the eighty acres he bought (or entered) five years later. It was customary in those days for a pioneer to pick out a suitable spot to settle on, which he partly cleared, planted, and built his log house, barn, crib, and other necessary farm buildings.

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He placed his house in the northeast corner of the eighty because it was the nearest place to the Bethlehem-Rockford Road. This well-traveled thoroughfare dated from the very earliest days of Indiana. It followed an Indian trail which led from present-day Bethlehem (founded as a town in 1812), on the Ohio River in Clark County; to the now-vanished town of Rockford, on the White River in Jackson County. There the trail, and road, joined the Three Notch Road, later known as the Trader's Road, another ancient trail which led north from the Falls of the Ohio, to the present site of Indianapolis. It was so-called from the three blazes on the trees which marked its route. The Pennsylvania Railroad and U. S. Highway 31 both follow this old trail, and later road, from Louisville to Indianapolis.

As soon as James Spurgeon had all in readiness for his family—his corn laid by and securely protected by a high rail fence—he went back to his old home in Kentucky. There he disposed of his property, loaded what household plunder he could on a wagon, and headed for their new home in Indiana. They crossed the Ohio River by McDonald's Ferry to Charlestown Landing. The first night in Indiana the family camped in the Public Square in Lexington (then the county seat of Scott County). The next day they arrived at their new home in the wilderness.

James Spurgeon squatted on this farm for several years. Then in the spring of 1825, after he had accumulated a little money, he saddled up and rode down to Jeffersonville, thirty-five miles to the south. He went to the United States Land Office and formally entered his eighty-acre farm, which was purchased from his Uncle Sam at a cost of \$1.25 an acre, or \$100 for the farm. He was required to pay one fourth, or \$25 down, and agreed to pay the rest in equal payments over the next three years (In those days our dear old Uncle was much more generous



UNDER CONSTRUCTION, FALL, 1941



AERIAL VIEW, SUMMER, 1950

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and lenient than we find him today!). The sheepskin patent (original deed) he received was signed by President James Monroe. It was dated April 4, 1825, and was for eighty acres, described simply, as follows: "The west half of the northwest quarter of Section 33, Township 4 North, Range 7 East." How much simpler could the description of a piece of land be? This utter simplicity and unquestionable accuracy of land titles is what drew many a settler to Indiana from Kentucky—where confusion and inaccuracy in the "metes and bounds" of land often cost a farmer his land and home after years of occupancy. Here that couldn't happen. The description of his piece of land could apply to no other place in the thousands of square miles of land in Indiana. As long as he paid Uncle for it, and paid his taxes, no one could boot him off of it.

James Spurgeon lived here, cleared the land of the huge forest trees (which were in those days a hindrance to the pioneer), farmed it, raised a large family, and died there. We do not know the date of his death. No doubt he was buried in the old graveyard on the place, but his grave was not marked with a proper tombstone. This burying ground, to which he contributed two acres from his eighty (that is why it is seventy-eight acres today), is still called the Spurgeon Cemetery, though no stone there bears the name of Spurgeon, and his heirs sold the farm to John Jones on June 1, 1858, (He recorded the deed exactly one hundred years ago—December 24, 1858). The earliest marked burial in Spurgeon Cemetery was that of James W. Trulock, fifteen-year-old son of pioneers Parker and Elizabeth Trulock, who was buried there February 15, 1828.

* * *

In early 1858 we find John Jones living at Sardinia, a village in southern Decatur County, Indiana. Somehow he learned of the

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Spurgeon farm being offered for sale by the heirs of James Surgeon, deceased, so he came to Scott County and bought the place. The deed was signed by Zephaniah and Marcinda Spurgeon, William and Amy Spurgeon, James and Jane Spurgeon, Susannah Spurgeon Cooley, Amanda Spurgeon Watterson, Mahala Spurgeon Broshears.

John Jones planted what crops he could, then he busied himself at building a three-room frame house, a little east of the cross-road, and a substantial barn right in the cross-road (This ninety-year-old barn was in 1948 sold to Roland Weir and he moved it to his farm near Little York, where it still stands today). These new buildings he placed as far as he could possibly get from James Spurgeon's old house site. After the abandonment of all that part of the Bethlehem-Rockford Road running through Section 33, the Spurgeon place had been connected by a lane which ran west along the north line of the farm, to the Oard Spring Road. The old Spurgeon farm buildings were by then in a very delapidated condition, so John Jones decided to start from scratch. He thought a location on the Austin-Madison Road would be much more satisfactory for his purposes. Today all that can be seen at the old Spurgeon homesite is the well.

With his new house and barn completed and his crops in shape to leave, John saddled up his mare and jogged the thirty-six miles to his old home at Sardinia. It took him longer than he had expected to settle up his affairs there. It was early winter 1858, before he loaded his household goods high on a wagon and the Jones family set out for their new home in Scott County. The chickens, ducks, geese and guineas were in coops slung under the wagon-bed. The hogs, cows, calves and colts were driven along by the boys. The girls rode the wagon, and Phoebe Jones did most of the driving. John, on the mare, rode herd on the whole caravan—keeping all in line. There had been a light snow

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fall during the night and the ground was covered. They started before daybreak and were almost to Vernon when the sun came up into a cloudless sky. Tradition says that one of the children riding on the wagon received a severe sunburn from the reflection off the snow.

A few miles after they passed through Paris, John Jones left his little caravan and took a short cut through the fields to the new home. The wagon and livestock came on through New Frankfort and Wooster (Both of them were prosperous towns, but have since vanished from the face of the earth) and by the time the family arrived John had fires going in the fireplace on the east side of the house and in the kitchen stove. The new house was snug and warm.

Here John Jones reared his family. In 1867 John and Phoebe Jones deeded the seventy-eight-acre farm to James W. and Sarah J. Jones (their relationship to John and Phoebe is not certain, but James was probably a son). In 1874 they in turn deeded it to John H. McFadden, who died in 1879. His daughter, Laura E., inherited the place by his will. She later married George A. Davis, and in 1895 they sold the farm to James A. Trulock, a prosperous farmer and large landowner (672 acres), of that vicinity. Then in 1909 the farm went to Marshall Trulock as a result of the partition of the estate of James A. Trulock.

From here on the changes in ownership of Kyana Farm becomes somewhat motinous because of the multiplicity of owners, so we'll skip over them. Then in 1925 we find the place mortgaged by Dallas H. Miller to the People's Savings Bank of Evansville for \$3,500. And in 1927 the bank sued for foreclosure of their mortgage, and obtained the farm for \$1,900 at the sheriff's sale on July 9th.

Then after several more ownerships, the Thomas C. Day Co. Indianapolis, sold the place to Wade A. Schuler, a North Car-

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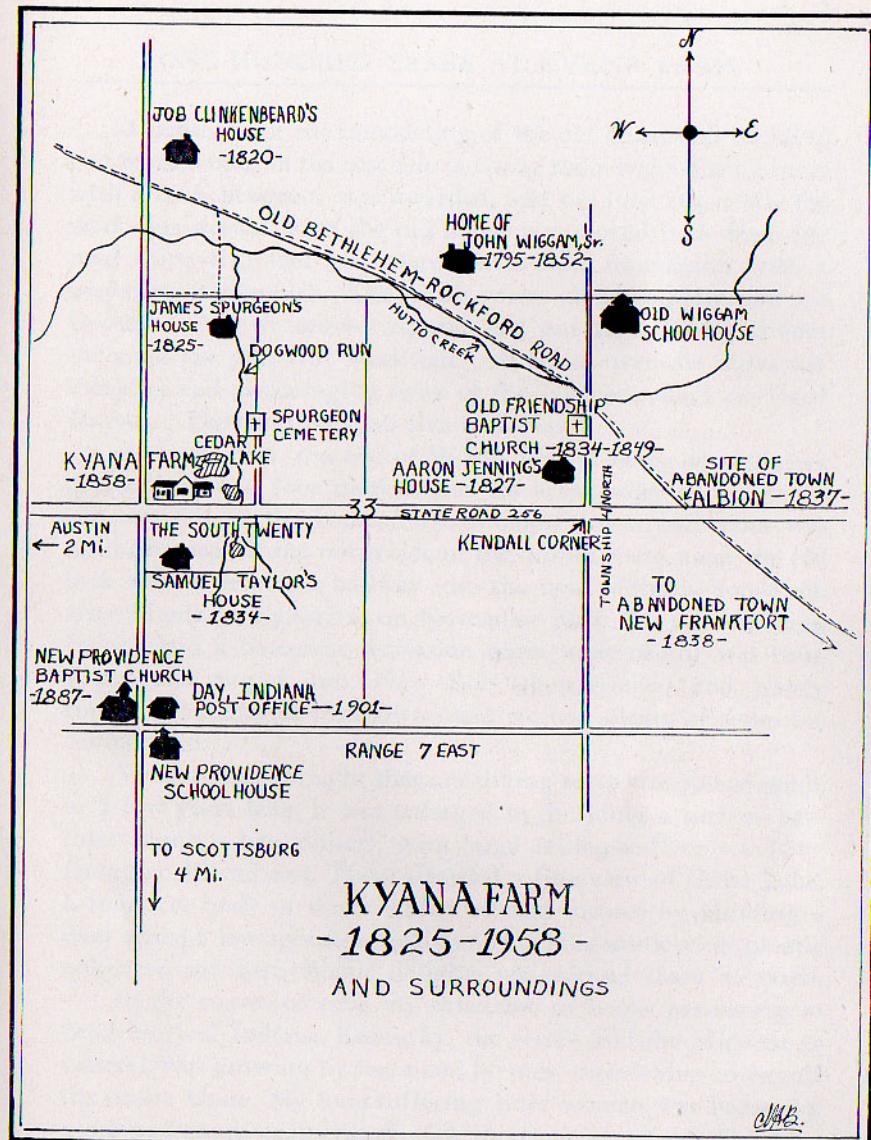
olinian. He farmed it and lived in the old Jones house much as it was when John Jones built it. Then on October 2, 1940, Wade A. and Bessie Shuler sold the farm to Carl R. and Jeanette E. Bogardus, the present, and eighteenth owners.

* * *

In 1941 we were living in the town of Austin in the old Joseph S. Morgan house (since demolished). It became necessary that we move and having no place else to go at the time, we decided to remodel the old farmhouse and live there—at least temporarily (as we thought then!).

Standing there with the little front porch almost on the edge of the highway, unpainted and weatherbeaten, the old Jones house showed its woebegone eighty-one years. But underneath its drab exterior it had been built strongly and well. It must be admitted that we had undertaken a seemingly hopeless task—considering what we had to start with. No doubt passersby thought, "How in the world can they ever make a liveable house out of that run-down-at-the-heels shack?" But do it we did!

At first there had been only three rooms in the house—a combination sittin' room and bedroom with a fireplace on the east side; a bedroom on the west, and a kitchen forming an L on the north side. Someone, we know not whom, later built a fourth room on the west side of the kitchen (which is our breakfast room today), thus making the house a square. We found that the house was solidly built of yellow poplar throughout, and was fastened together with oak pegs and wrought iron nails. It was weather-boarded and had a wood shingle roof. The sills underneath (still to be seen in the ceiling of the basement) were of hewn oak and rested on a foundation of limestone. These heavy timbers are just as solid today as they were when John Jones hewed them out with ax and adze a hundred years ago.



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threatened to move out if I didn't "do something". So I, anxious to maintain some semblance of a peaceful status quo, in 1953 got busy and designed a new room to house my burgeoning and trouble-making collection of Americana.

Plans for the library were drawn and the building of the room progressed to rapid completion. It is of fireproof construction—concrete block, faced with Bedford limestone, and finished inside with knotty-pine walls, shelving and cabinets. The floor-covering is cork tile, which blends perfectly with the wood interior, and the metal-covered doors are also fireproof. Only one mistake was made in the building of the library—it's not nearly big enough—the 145 feet of book shelving are filled and overflowing, and woe is unto me!

* * *

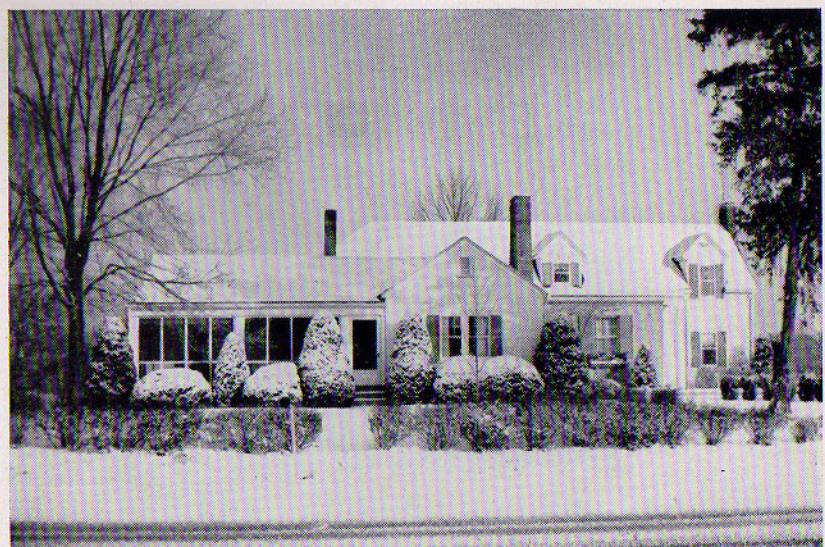
Looking back over the years in retrospect, one cannot help wondering what would be James Spurgeon's reaction if he could only return and wander over the farm he carved out of the wilderness "by the sweat of his brow". The virgin forest is gone, but there are still trees in the forty acres of woods on the place, that were growing there during his time. The fields would be much the same to him except for the changes wrought by erosion (due to poor farming practices over the years).

And would John Jones approve of the changes which have taken place in the house which he built with his own two hands, and in which he lived and reared his family?

I like to think that neither would be displeased with what he would find.

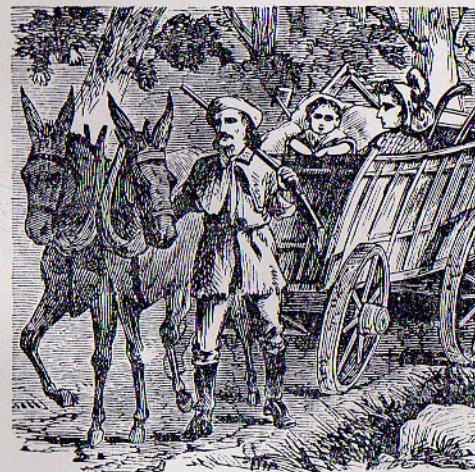


THE LIBRARY AND THE ENTRANCE TO THE
EAST WING, WINTER, 1956



WINTER, 1956

This little book was written by Carl R. Bogardus, M. D., and was published by the MUSCATATUCK PRESS, Austin, Scott County, Indiana, in an edition of three hundred copies. The printing was done by *Owen Stout*, at *Stout's Print Shop*, Paoli, Indiana. The map of Section 33 and vicinity and the old house of 1858 on the cover were drawn by *Nancy Hyden Bogardus*, and all cuts and halftone engravings were done by *Jerome Flraig*, Cincinnati, Ohio. The photograph of the house under construction was made by *B. P. Bogardus*, Pikeville, Kentucky; and the aerial view was made by the GIVEAWAY, Pekin, Indiana, *Victor Green*, Publisher. The cut on this page is from *Goodrich and Tuttle's HISTORY OF INDIANA*, 1874.



The Journey from Civilization to the Forest Home

